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Your Night, My Despair

Betsy Lewis

Your night is sweet.
Mine is despair.

Coming each night and day
Noise of waking life among the vendors' hay

Engulfs me
When bombing starts and all begin to flee.

Brittle bricks and torn tiles are where I lay.
You hear your heart along the shoal.
I hear anger shouting from my ruptured soul
Like a screaming child, stopped in play.

I have no beacon's pulsing rhythm or secret code.
I only know the bloody Bomber's Deathly Ode.

With each bomb's burst of blaring light
I close my eyes and pray to end this night.

Begin a silence, wreck this ship
Turn your light my way.